

The Fisk Herald.

VOL. V.

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VOL. V.

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1888.

NO. 8.

For the Herald,

CHARITAS ET LEX.

Say, Mary, canst thou sympathize,
With one whose heart is bleeding
Compelled to wake from love's young
dream,

And take to "special pleading?"

For since I lost my suit with you
I care not now a fraction
About these tiresome suits at law,
These senseless forms of action.

In my lonely chamber oft
When clients leave me leisure
In misery o'er departed joys,
I find a mournful pleasure.

How well I know the spot where first
I saw your form ethereal,
But in transitory things
The "venue" is immaterial.

I'm reading "Archbold's Practice" now,
And scarce can believe 'tis true,
That I could set my heart upon
An arch, bold girl like you.

Then those bright black eyes sent forth
A most unerring dart
Which like a special "capias" made
A prisoner of my heart.

And in the weakness of my soul,
One fatal long vacation,
I gave a pledge to prosecute,
And filed my "declaration."

Then your blush so clearly seemed
To pardon my transgression,
I thought I was about to scoop
A "judgment by confession"

But soon I learned, most fatal truth,
How rashly I had counted,
For "Non Assumpsit" was the plea,
To which it all amounted,

Deceitful maid, another swain,
Was then beloved by thee.
The preference you gave to him
Was fraudulent to me.

Ah! when we love, as Shake-peare says,
Bad luck is sure to have us,
The course of true love never ran
Without some special "traverse."

Pray what inducement could you have
To act so base a part?
"Absque hoc" you smiled on me,
I ne'er had lost my heart.

My rival I was doomed to view
A husband's right assert,
And now 'tis wrong to think of you
For thou art a "femme covert."

When late I saw your son and heir,
Twas wormwood for a lover
For, from the plea of infancy,
My heart can not recover.

I kissed the little chap and said
"Much happiness I wish you,"
But oh! I felt he was to me
An "immaterial issue."

Mary, adieu, I'll write no more,
Nor pen pathetic ditties,
My pleadings were of no avail
And so I'll take to "Chit y's."

Yes, Stephen or Chitty on pleading
I'll take for my future reading
Though with a heart bleeding
And a decree in equity needing,
Your Honor: such deceiving
Is beyond believing,
Heartless and bold,
Cruel and cold.

Now, "If the court please" I rest my case,
And ask for judgment on its face
The evidence shows, I am "rectus in
curia"
And also guiltied with "multa injuria."

THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

TRACES of the system now known as the Signal Service date back many years. Polybius an ancient warrior to B. C. is said to have mentioned the skill acquired by his corps, in sending messages.

The Signal Service as then known consisted of varied signs which military men used in conveying messages in different parts of field in time of battle. The Telephone and Telegraph were not then thought of, and urgent messages were often sent by means of signals. So complete did this means of conveying messages become, that persons could communicate at a distance of 20 miles apart, or as far as the eye could reach, assisted by field-glasses. This system was also extensively used in our late Civil War.

But when the din of war had passed and the soldiers returned to their homes to care for their families and lands, the signal service had accomplished its work, and it remained for the men thus employed to turn their attention in another direction. By this the telegraph had relieved the service from sending messages to the most important points, and so Brig. Gen., A. J. Myers, seeing the importance of turning the signal service to another field of usefulness, assumed the two-fold duty of providing for the Army an efficient corps of officers, charged with work of opening and maintaining communications at the front, in time of war, and of noting the development and progress of storms and other meteorological phenomena, and reporting the same to the public with predictions and probable future atmospheric conditions. The Signal Service also transmits in-

teligence in reference to storms or approaching weather changes by display of warning signals, and by reports posted in the different cities and ports of the U. S. Maps showing the state of the weather over the U. S. are exhibited at boards of trades, chambers of commerce and other places of public resort. Bulletins of meteorological data from all the stations are prominently displayed and distributed, without expense, to the leading newspapers throughout the country.

The Meteorological division of the U. S. Signal Service, was formally established in 1870. The progress of modern inquiry into the change taking place in the weather and especially into the phenomena of storms, had for many years previous strengthened the conviction that they are not capricious, but follow certain fixed laws. To provide, therefore, for taking meteorological observations, with a view to giving notice by telegraph and signals of the approach and force of storms, Congress passed a resolution Feb. 9th 1870, authorizing the Secretary of war, Jno. M. Schofield, of Ill., to carry this scheme into effect. The organization of the meteorological bureau under the auspices of Brig. Gen. Albert J. Myer and the division thus created in his office was designated as the Division of Telegrams and Reports for the Benefit of Commerce. This was the first legislation of U. S. government inaugurating a national Weather Service in our broad extent of country, stretching as it does over 57 degrees of longitude and 22 degrees of latitude, affording exceptional advantages for investigations and predicting the storms which cross its broad area. Espy, Redfield, Loomis and Ferrel,

in the U. S., as well as many distinguished metrologists abroad, had discovered that, as a rule, storms move from West to East and often on the meridians, and had investigated the general law of storms, but their demonstrations on the wide field of America, as well as the discovery of many details affecting the practical application of weather predictions awaited further, more extensive investigation, more exact research. On June 10th, 1872, Congress approved of an act by which the Signal Service was charged with the duty of providing such stations, signals, and reports as might be found necessary for extending its research in the direction of agriculture. The agricultural societies throughout the land entered into and cooperated with the Service in this new department of commerce. Scientific institutions, colleges and leading professional men, put themselves in direct communication with a view of facilitating this branch of the work. By this act the work of the Signal Service made rapid progress. It received favorable notices from all of the prominent papers, and so favorably did it impress itself upon the country that Congress was induced in the following year to pass another act, authorizing the establishment of Signal Service stations at the Light house and Life-Saving stations on the Lakes and sea-coast, and made the provisions for connecting the same with telegraph-wires and cables, to be constructed, maintained and worked under the direction of the Chief Signal-Service Officer or the Sec. of War, and the Sec. of the Treasury.

To prepare men for this work a school for training was established at

Ft. Myer, Va., and a course of study consisting of accurate spelling, legible hand-writing, proficiency in Arithmetic, Eng. Grammar, History and Geography, especially that of the U. S. With the above legislation and preparation the Signal Service entered heartily upon its difficult work. 1,221 reports are daily received from all parts of our own country and many from across the ocean.

Telegraphic reports from 204 of the most important stations of the country are taken three times a day at the same hours and all forwarded to Washington for the purpose of calculating the possible changes of weather to take place within the next 24 hours. So much skill is acquired in this office that all the reports are examined, and calculations made in within 45 min. after they are received. From the result of this calculation, reports are sent to daily papers throughout the U.S., and men can know one day the kind of weather the next day will bring forth.

On Aug. 24th 1880, Brig. Gen. Albert J. Myer, after a brief illness, passed from his earthly labors, but under his care and with his untiring labors the Signal Service had so established itself as to become a real branch of the War Dept. He was succeeded by Chief Signal Officer, Wm. B. Hazen. Under the management of this worthy officer especial attention was given to the Great Cotton Belt of the nation.

Farmers in the South recognized the value of such a union and flocked to its support. For seven successful years Chief Officer Hazen devoted his time and talent in using the Signal Service to protect the property and lives of the people of the whole coun-

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try. Then death seized upon him, and the work fell upon the shoulders of the present incumbent, A.W. Greely. Chief Officer Greely has wrought minor changes in the work, but deems it wise to carry out the most prominent plans of his predecessors. He has abolished the training school at Ft. Myer, and has established one on a broader basis in Washington City. The building at Ft. Myer is now occupied by Gen. Sheridan as a Military Post for his troops from the West. While his predictions of the storms and weather are not always correct, still as the work goes on and the operators become more proficient, we can hope for more accurate reports. Since the entire work is somewhat an experiment, much support from the general government and from individuals has been withheld. Only a few days ago quite a number of the men in the Service employ were forced to resign their positions because of the inability of the Service to increase their wages. I realize the fact that I have given only a sketch of the founding and workings of the Signal Service without dealing very much with the details, and many interesting points, such as gauging the velocity of the wind, and the rise and fall of streams, have been entirely omitted. Suffice it to say that the per. cent of the predictions of the Service now stands above 80; and is still on the increase. Thoughtful men look upon it as one of the blessings of the 19th Century established for the benefit of the world.

J. A. Lester, '90.

de Anquinos is doing work in his usual artistic—Don't fail to have your pictures taken before leaving for home.

FROM AFRICA'S SUNNY FOUNTAINS.

Kambini, Inhambane,

E. Africa, Dec. 16th, 1887.

There is nothing new or of special note to relate about our work. All that's worth saying, and I fear that it is often over-said, appeared in *Missionary Herald*, which you all see and read. Therefore, it becomes tedious to repeat what has already been said to others about our work as committed to us for the Lord.

I often wish that I knew how to write so as to interest others to come to Africa. Mr. Miller's Alumni address was read with much interest by us. How our hearts would rejoice should he or some other Fisk alumnus, with his family, decide to come to this field to labor for fallen humanity.

I have had it in mind to write a public letter to the *HERALD*, on affairs in Africa—stating the political and religious outlook and opportunities which might easily be grasped for God and the race in the next few years, but which will more thoroughly occupied by Satan unless speedily taken for God and good government. Of course my time is fully occupied with the work in hand, and then there comes (possibly of the evil one) the thought that it will do no good to take time, which might otherwise be used in our present work, to awaken at most an ephemeral interest in East African affairs. Men are really benefited by sermons, lectures, essays, etc., only when they are impelled to more benevolent deeds.

To me the time seems propitious, and I dare say providential, for a colony of *educated, civilized and christianized*

Americo-Africans to migrate to E. Africa. The influence they may be able to exert on the great mass of heathen, by coming in the near future, is infinitely greater than what may be done by such a colony 50 or 100 years hence, after the entire coast and healthful inland regions, have been taken possession of by England and Germany and smaller European powers. Further, I think, the U. S. ought to have a friendly colony on the East coast, as it has in Liberia on the West coast. She might wisely use a few millions of the surplus of her Treasury in purchasing the Portuguese nominal right to the Inhambane or Sofala country. It is evident that Portugal cannot much longer control the more than 900 miles along the E. coast of Africa which she now claims. The British colony of Natal has made, I think, fifty times more progress in fifty years than Inhambane has in 250 years. Hence let American statesmen puzzled as to what to do with the surplus of the Treasury, look to E. Africa for a reply. But I hear you say the missionary has forgotten his theme, so I desist from saying more on this subject.

I sincerely trust that the present year may literally be the *best* in the history of our *Alma Mater*. We have not gotten so far away from the scenes of our school days that we have lost a whit of our interest in Fisk and its highest possible success. You and your co-workers have our prayers and sympathy in your labor of love in building up true manhood in those for whom you labor.

Sincerely yours,

B. F. Ousley, '81.

FROM INDIA'S CORAL STRAND.

Akola, Berar, India,
Feb. 28, 1888.

Dear HERALD:

I can hardly believe that I am in a heathen city, though there is enough on every side to remind me that this is not a Christian land. This afternoon, I passed through the great cotton market, where fortunes are made and lost every day, just as at home. There was but little difference to be observed except in the language and dress of the people. The bales of cotton reminded me of home. Immense cotton presses stand in a compound just out of the city, and great piles of cotton are heaped up on every side looking like snowy mountains—the nearest approach to snow that we are likely to see. I believe the Indian cotton is considered rather inferior in quality to the American. The cotton is ginned and pressed here, then shipped to other parts of India, as well as to England. Akola is on the Great Indian Peninsula Rail-road, connecting Calcutta and Bombay, two great commercial centres. There is said to be a good deal of business done here, though the town seems dull and sleepy enough to our Western eyes. The scenery is rather monotonous, no mountains or valleys, for we are on the great plains of India. There is a pretty river winding its slow way through the town—the Mirria river, which divides the old town from the new. The roads leading out in every direction, are broad and smooth and well-kept, though just now as there has been no rain for months and will be none till June, the dust is something fearful. Everything is parched

and dry, and the wonder is that the trees are so green. There are several fine avenues leading out of the city, lined with very large trees, on both sides. Some of them seem to have been imported from Europe as so much in India has been; at least they are not indigenous. We find the Acacia tree almost every where, the Bamboo, the Cypress, and many others of beautiful foliage, which are natives of India.

I have never seen anything so lovely as the moonlight here. It is easy to read by it, and the stars have a brilliance in these Eastern skies, that is wonderful. The sunsets are even more beautiful than in Tennessee, and I always enjoined them there. Akola is a city of sixteen thousand inhabitants—one third of whom are Mohammedans, a few Eurasians and Europeans, and the rest are Hindus of various castes. The Marathi language is spoken here, and throughout the entire Bombay Presidency, but Hindustani is the language of the Mohammedans. There is a great similarity in the two, but Marathi is much more difficult to acquire. There are several heathen temples in the city, as well Mohammedan mosques. Indeed the gospel has gained only a slight hold in the entire province of Berar. These Central provinces have not been reached by missionaries hitherto as have the Northern and Southern portions of India. These people are a part of India's millions who have not heard the gospel, or at least have not accepted it. And yet I am often so struck with the intelligence of the natives, that I wonder how it can be that they are heathen. Some of the higher class are highly educat-

ed, and are a very interesting people. But the masses are ignorant and degraded enough, and the haughty Brahmins, who are educated class, love to have them so.

There is a Roman Catholic Church in this place, where no service is now held, and a pretty little church of England erected by the English government, where service is held for Europeans and Eurasians once in three months. We have an English service on the veranda of the mission Bungalow every Sunday morning, at seven o'clock, to avoid the heat that comes later in the day. A Marathi Sabbath-school in the morning, and a preaching service in the afternoon, are held in a small house, down in the busiest part of the town. Sunday is the great market-day, thousands of people gather in the market to buy and sell on that day, as no other. Men come from the country for miles around, and are often drawn into our meetings, where they listen attentively and wonderingly at the story of the Cross. After the services, Mr. Fuller goes into the market, or Bazaar, gathers a crowd about him, and preaches again.

The season was so far advanced when I reached India, that it was not thought best for the English school to open until June, when the fiercest heat of the season will be past. The school will be held in this large, beautiful Bungalow, which is so unlike the houses at home that I wish I could describe it to you. It is situated in a large compound, which has pleasant drives and walks bordered with a hedge, kept closely trimmed. The building is only one story—the rooms having very high railings and the roof is thatched with grass. This is to

keep out the heat and for the same reason, the walls are very thick. There are broad verands running around the house on every side—these are shaded with vines having beautiful flowers. Instead of one pot of lilies, I have twelve pots, besides roses and the loveliest English violets.

There is a good deal of preparation necessary to work up the English school, and in these months of waiting, I am studying Marathi. There will probably be a vernacular Department to the school, and for other reasons, I could not be content to live among a people without a knowledge of their language. I hope to reach many of my dear Fisk friends through the HERALD, to whom I cannot write personally, but to each of them I send my warmest love, and kindest greeting from India.

As ever, your friend,

H. Matson.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

Senator Hoar is the most rapid speaker in Congress, sometimes getting in 225 words a minute.

The New York *Tribune* is giving a series of Volapuk lessons. "Vegels laboms dogis."

Oliver Wendell Holmes, who has long answered personally every letter sent to him, now employs a Secretary.

Henry Bergh, nephew of the late President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has been elected to that office.

The late Bronson Alcott was somewhat of an Anarchist, refusing at one time to pay taxes, for which he was

thrown into prison, but was bailed out by the father of the present Senator Hoar.

Samuel Morrison, of Indianapolis, who died recently on his ninetieth birthday, was the author of the plan of the siege by which Vicksburg was taken.

Ignatius Donnelly has gone to England to complete arrangements for the copyright of his long looked-for book, which will appear in both England and America, on May 1st.

Gordon Hughs, of Ohio, son of the American Consul at Birmingham, England, won the first English scholarship ever won by an American. There were fifty-two competitors for the prize, which is valued at \$2,000.

In the contests at Harvard, which are held both in the Annex and College proper, the papers of the two departments got mixed and the highest prize for the college was awarded to the writer of an essay, which was so excellent that it received the whole amount of the prize, something rarely done; but, on investigation, the writer was found to be one of the girls in the Annex and so, of course, she received only the highest prize of that department, about a third of what was first granted to her. The prize was awarded to one, who was not given the whole amount, and this from a college, whose President opposed the Annex because women had not enough *sense*.

Foreman: "In what column shall I put the account of the man who fell and broke his backbone? Editor (busy writing a leader): "Spinal column, of course." *Ex.*

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EDITORIAL.

WE wish to keep the subject of the gymnasium prominently before our readers. Such enterprises are not built of air, and unless each Alumnus, former Student, Undergraduate and friend lends a helping hand, we shall continue to graduate physical wrecks, or at least men far from strong and vigorous. We hope that the liberality of our well-wishers will enable us to erect a building worthy of Fisk.

HOW many students keep a cash-account and know from month to month the exact amount of their epiritual expenditure? Aside from its

tendency to fix business methods upon one, it would give many of us startling revelations of the money we foolishly squander.

THE rendition of the oratorio of the *Elijah* by the Mozart Society marks another epoch in the history of the University. It was in the opinion of all the best concert ever rendered, and strengthens the proof that our race, but a quarter of a century removed from slavery, can master the greatest musical compositions of the world. The Mozart Society is the beginning, and the grand beginning, of a Fisk Conservatory of Music, and the most difficult part of the work looking toward that end is now being performed by the society, in sacrificing pecuniary success to the education of public taste. All the success of the Society is due to the untiring energy of its founder, Prof. A. K. Spence, who has stood by it through all the ups and downs of its existence. It might be called the Spence Society with more propriety than the Mozart, and with quite as much honor to it, in opinion of all Fiskites.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

YES, my son, the Eastern Question is very prominent: almost as prominent as the swelling in the Crown Prince's throat, or the dress Mrs Cleveland wore to breakfast yesterday morning. Explain it? Were you other than my son I should think you were speaking sarcastically. My boy, please excuse me from undertaking what Bismark, Henry Watterson, the Emperor of all the Russias, and Bill Nye have failed in doing. Perhaps, however, I may be able to give you

a slight idea of the situation. Every time I think of any of the modern problems, as Senator Ingalls, the tariff or the Eastern question, I think of Tom Carlyle's immortal saying, "Men are mostly fools", and then I console myself by reflecting that it may be just as well, for if they were wiser they'd be foolisher. But I wander. As aforesaid I'll essay. In the first place the Eastern question is a question. This may seem a foolish figure; it is not. In these days of ward politics there are many questions that are not questions. This however is doubtless a question. The method of answering a question depends largely on the number interested. If there are two or three, they come together and talk the matter over. If they settle it peaceably and shake hands, the world calls them gentlemen and they receive invitations to the next quality soiree at Mrs. Pensonby De Tomkins! If they fight over it, they turn up in the police court, and the next *American* moralizes over "street brawls," "rowdies," &c., &c. If there are 2 million interested they also discuss the situation. If they settle the matter peaceably and shake hands, the ambassadors are burned in effigy and the *North Fiji Review* immediately barters away "the Nation's Honor," "German Independence," "French Prestige" or "the Unity of the Empire." If however they sail in, knock, shoot, lie (pardon me, son, I meant use diplomacy), steal, and blow up 33,975 people, wound 92,486 more, and make a few thousand widows, orphans, &c., Lord Tennyson immediately writes an ode,

"Some one had blundered!"

"Their's not to reason why,

"Their's but to kill and die,

"Noble six hundred thousand,"

and Her Majesty Victoria, by the Grace of God, Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, confers the Order of India in accordance with the number killed, and erects a statue of the Killer-in-chief in Trafalgar Square for the afore-mentioned widows and orphans to beg under.

Thus you have the principle, my boy (nothing like principles, as D'Israeli said when he killed three or four thousand Zulu heathen) and now perhaps you may be able darkly to comprehend the facts. My son come to the table. Take this large piece of paper. On the right side draw a big black bear, not very hungry, but terribly thirsty. In the upper left hand corner put a small but important-looking Lion with a big tail. This lion has had plenty to eat but he's still hungry. On the bottom of the sheet put a large, juicy hunk of meat, larger than the Lion, nearly half as large as the Bear.

Prolong that stout left hind foot of the Bear and put it on the meat, claws extended. Prolong that slender fore-foot of the Lion's, mind and make it slender, and put it on the meat, claws extended. The Lion is watching his foot carefully. The Bear tries to look as if his foot wasn't there. Between the Lion and the Bear put, well, say a big fat Hog with a bone under his right paw. Under the Lion put a lean, spry-looking Sky-terrier. The pup used to own that bone till he jumped on the hog and tried to whip him. He didn't. The Hog don't want the bone. He just keeps it for looks. The Terrier has been growling ever since. Below the Hog put an age

with an appearance of indiscision about her. Below the cat put a dish of water and several large bugs. This is the situation. Some one may tell you that the Eastern question is as to what shall be done with one of these bugs, (genus *Bulgaria*, species *Ferdinandatus*). This is a lie. The Eastern question is: How shall this bear get that water without having the Hog, the Cat and Bugs jump on him, the terrier jump on the Hog, and the Lion jump on all of them without losing his meat. This is the present status. Complicated? Well I should say so! Just suppose that Bear's hind-foot should slip. Suppose that when the Terrier jumped on the Hog, the Lion should bite off his tail! Suppose the Bear should get that water, brace up, take the earth and fence it in! Suppose the Lion in tending to somebody's else business should take his foot off that meat! Suppose,—O, suppose anything and how would James Gillespie Blaine have a Europe to go to in '89? Will they fight?

Boy, will it rain to-morrow? Lieut. Jesunosky says it will; but—No, I don't know why things are thusly. Perhaps Bob Ingersoll does. He knows everything. The only explanation I can offer is the one Dr. Carpenter gave to explain why Talmage isn't an infidel, and why I go to bed when I get ready. He says the cause is an intensification of the hyperaemic state of the ideational centre. I think it must be this, or spinal meningitis. Humph! Men *are* mostly fools, aren't they?—Thank the Lord, it'll raise the price of wheat, says John Sherman.

Grandpa.

Read Mahon's photo ad.

PERSONAL.

WHAT WE'RE DOING.

'88 is exploring the *strata* of Moral Philosophy. This is a long felt need.

'89 has a standing excuse now,—“star gazing.”

'90 is happy: *Vivolo Tricolor*, heart's ease!

'91 is monarch of all it *surveys*.

The Senior Preps. have mortgaged the encyclopedias.

The Middle Preps., those whose escaped, refused to read a Philadelphia paper because it was called the *Ledger*.

The Junior Preps. are very fond of Algebra.

N. '88 is here.

N. '89 is practicing with the Models,—to the grief and sorrow of the latter.

N. '90 is happy: *Lycium Barbarum*, Matrimony vine!

Algebra is very fond of N. '91.

F. L. Fortson is stopping in Livingstone Hall now.

Miss M. A. Myers writes that she is enjoying her work at Gainesville Fla.

Miss Annie Bowen has been on the sick list.

Miss Ruth Worthington left for her home at Louisville Ky., on the 7th.

T. B. Burris left last month for his home, Franklin, Mo.

T. S. Inborden is now teaching at Edgefield Junction.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt of New York, visited us the 22nd ult.

The new cooking class consists of Misses Williams, Ella Haynes, and Amanda Townsend: they enjoy it

Misses Mammie Johnson, Hattie Scroggins and Minnie McDougale have left for home within a few days.

Miss M. J. Murray is spending a short while with Mrs. Spence, that she may have the benefit of a thorough rest.

Misses C. L. Coleman and Wilda Cox have been on the sick list, but are about their duties again.

Miss Jenkins our matron, has returned from a short trip to Atlanta, Georgia.

Mr Charles Ollinger of Santa Claus, Illinois, was at the University on the 5th inst. He visited the German class, and seemed to be much interested.

G. W. Wilson left on the 7th inst. He will spend the vacation at his home, Chapel Hill.

F. G. Smith '87, went on a flying trip last month to Birmingham Ala., where he spent pleasant moments with—well, a former Fiskite. He returns in better spirits.

Mrs. Dr. C. A. Buckel of California paid us a short visit on her way to the Women's Convention at Washington.

Miss M. C. Day, one of Fisk's first teachers, visited the University as the guest of Miss S. M. Wells. She was directly from California where she has spent several years, on her way to friends in Ohio.

D. W. Sherrod, D. W. Dunn, E. E. Woodard, T. P. Harris, J. W. Holloway, W. J. Gilliard, S. P. Cole, and

N. J. Anderson were on the sick list last month.

Col. and Mrs. Black of West Nashville, were here at the concert given on the 6th inst., and spent the night at the University.

Miss Ellen C. Broomell, Mrs S. B. Knight, and Mr. Geo. D. Broomell of Chicago, Ill., paid the university a visit on the 5th inst.

Messrs. W. L. and W. A. Barnes of Decatur, Ill., were here on the 5th inst.

Messrs. T. J. Boykin and R. M. Andrews left on the 24th ult., for Richmond, Ark., where they expect to teach.

T. J. Austin, '85, writes of his prosperous school which numbers 150 students, and that the greatest need of the school just now is money.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Richardson of Chelsea, Mass., visited the University last month. Mr. Richardson spoke a few words of encouragement to the school.

Mrs. Charlotte Tindall is expected to visit Fisk at commencement, for the purpose of witnessing the graduation of her son, L. H. Tindall.

Messrs. B. J. Anderson, of St. Louis, Mo., and S. W. Relea, of Chicago, Ill., visited the University last month.

The following names were gathered from the University register last month: Mrs. C. W. Hackett, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. J. V. Read, City; Mrs. S. D. Osborne, Jacksonville, Ill.; Mrs. M. M. Carpenter, Utica, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Ladd J. Lewis, City; Mrs. M. B. Martin, Schenectady, N. Y.; Mrs. M. A. Bishop, Oswego, N. Y.; Mrs. M. L.

Lindsay; Misses Bell H. and Nellie L. Herrick, Ohret, Mich. Mr. and Mrs. George B. Chamberlin, La Fayette, Indiana.

HASTINGS.

THOUGH in youth beset by many discouragements, Warren Hastings was destined nevertheless to play an all-important part in the preservation of England; to wage great wars; to rule a nation; and finally to be the subject of eight long years debate.

He was born in the manor of Daylesford, in December, 1732.

Hastings sprang from an illustrious race. Pynaston, the father of Warren, having married before he was sixteen, died in two years to be followed in a few days by his wife, leaving a son to the care of a distressed grandfather. He was sent to Westminster school along with Churchill, Lloyd, Cumberland, and others, and was rapidly advancing in honors, when another death changed his whole life.

Hastings now fell into the hands of a distant relative who wished to rid himself of the boy as soon as possible.

Accordingly he obtained for Warren against the boy's will, and in spite of the prayers of his instructors—a writer-ship in the East India Company. At seventeen he sailed for Bengal. And now begins a life mysterious and eventful. Soon the natives declared war against England in which he did his country no little service. In 1767 he was elected member of the Calcutta council, and a little later to the council of Madras. Here he distinguished himself in extricating a people who had long groveled in darkness and confusion, and was promoted to the head of the Bengal council. By his

unequaled shrewdness in finance he added four hundred and fifty thousand pounds to the annual income, besides about a million in ready money.

The British Parliament saw and appreciated his real value and conferred on him the honor of Governor General of Bengal. His restless genius knew no bounds. In 1773, when England was in such imminent danger, millions of her subjects at war in America, all Europe at war with her, the fertile genius and serene courage of Hastings achieved a signal victory. In every quarter of the world, save that over which Hastings' influence was wielded, England's prestige was being overcome. He successfully attacked the great Hyder Ali. He put down the revolt of Benares. He captured the great Cheyte Sing. He despoiled the Princesses of Oude. In seventeen hundred and eighty-five he ended his eventful life in India, and returned to England in high honors. Soon began that long debate. Burke brought in a charge against him of High Crimes and Misdemeanors. Sheridan and Fox poured their hot invectives upon him. Through those long years he stood the onset and was finally acquitted. With many obloquies, his ripe old age had brought him many honors. Having become possessor of the grand old estate he repaired there for rest. The last twenty-four years of his life were spent in Daylesford. Having out-lived the average of men, he died at the age of eighty-six, and now sleeps with his fathers behind the parish church.

O. D. Porter.

For the winter term at the University at Leipsic, 3,288 students have matriculated. *Ex.*

LOCALS.

Flowers!!!

There is no end to flowers.

More than fifty specimens have been gathered by some of the Botanists.

The gardens in the neighborhood are looking well; we'll soon have vegetables.

The low pressure pump at Jubilee Hall has been finished and is at work.

On the 4th of March, Rev. Montgomery, Sec. of the Home Miss. Society of Minn. visited us and gave us two interesting lectures. The first on Mormonism, the second on the Scandinavian people. Both were full of interest.

During the month Dr. Young of the city lectured to us on his travels in Egypt. Every one was delighted, and hope to have him again soon.

The Spring Rhetoricals were quite good.

The Mozart Society gave a concert on 6th of April to aid in the purchase of their Pipe Organ. Best ever rendered.

THE MARCH RHETORICALS

THE exercises were opened by instrumental Duett by Misses Aray and Nichol. After prayer by Mr. Morris, C. K. Chase played a violin solo, after which came the first oration of the evening by Woodard, '91, who spoke of "these who have wound up words as clocks to run forever." The oration was well delivered. Next came Vassar, '91, with an oration entitled "The population of the world" in which he brought out the fact that "there need

be no fear of over-population as yet." Procter, '91, spoke of "Figurative Language." The oration was well written and delivered with enthusiasm. "The ultimate Triumph of Right and Justice" was an exposition of the slow grinding of the Mills of the gods but the exceeding fineness there of, by Anderson, '91. Miss Dorsey, '91, held forth entertainingly on the ugliness, wisdom, and eccentricities of Socrates. A burst of applause greeted the announcement of the subject of Phelps, '90, "Woman and Her Rights". This oration was a strong defence of the weaker sex, and provoked repeated applause. Foreign immigration, as promiscuously allowed to day, was deprecated by McClellan, '90. The theme of McCall, '90, was excellent: "Africa, the future Nation." The essay was noticeable among those of the evening for its thought and unity of style. Miss Josie Hobbs next favored the audience with a pretty little selection on the piano. Lester, '90, spoke of the Influence of America on the World. The essay showed care and study and was quite interesting.

"To the victors belong the spoils" said Neil, J. L. '89, "is a principle which has held the world". The clean thought, forcibly and bluntly expressed, made this along with the next, the best two productions of the evening.

The oration that shared the highest honors with Niel's, was that of Stevens '89. His subject was Phases of Government, and his terse style and knowledge of his subject held the undivided attention of the audience. Steven is a master of satire. The exercises were closed by the rendering of the Gloria from Mozart's Twelfth

Mass by the Mozart Society. This is a piece the Society has mastered, and was rendered faultlessly.

MUSIC AT FISK.

We clip the following from the Nashville *Democrat*, Apr. 7th.

AT FISK LAST NIGHT.

The Mozart Society Renders the Oratorio of Elijah in Magnificent Style.

LAST night at 7:30 o'clock the Mozart Society of Fisk University gave its annual concert before a large and cultured audience in the chapel of Livingstone Hall. The Society has for some time—under the management of Prof. Spence—devoted itself to the study of the "Elijah." This is, as is well known, one of the most popular oratorios, ranking second only to Handel's "Messiah." This oratorio deals with the facts of one of the most marvelous events of sacred history. The tragic events of Mt. Carmel are rendered in music of the most sublime and ravishing strains. The claims of the true God were here vindicated. The prophet Elijah was the most conspicuous character in the scene. There he derided the priests of Baal as they called upon their divinity in vain. Their god answered not by fire. How the God of Elijah answered by fire, and how the priests of Baal were put to the sword are facts familiar to every Bible reader.

The several parts of the oratorio were each rendered with great skill.

The soloists were Misses Narcissa Dorsey, Alice Vassar, J. A. Robinson, Mr. T. W. Talley and Mr. W. H. C. Stokes. Mr. Talley represented the stern character of Elijah; indeed, he took the most prominent part in

the oratorio. As he sung the words of Elijah one could imagine that he was witnessing the scene on Mt. Carmel. In fact, the different parts of the oratorio were well executed by the society and were highly appreciated by the audience.

Although music is not the principal thing taught in the university yet it is cultivated to quite an extent by the society. The society has, from its beginning been under the supervision of Prof. Spence, who has always encouraged all efforts to maintain a high standard of attainment in musical.

Goethe says that a man should hear a little music every day in order that the sense of the beautiful may not be entirely obliterated from his breast. This can be secured at the university, for the atmosphere is filled with the strains of the music classes of the various departments. Prof. Welter and Mr. Wain of the city were among the prominent personages in the audience. Besides these, there were many others of the white citizens of Nashville present. It is certain that the work of Fisk is highly appreciated by the white people of the city.

They are out in great numbers on every occasion such as took place last night.

The audience was greatly delighted.

THE KEY OF SUCCESS

is a good memory, without which the student, business man or scientist loses what he gains. Prof. Loisset's wonderful discovery enable his pupils to learn any book in one reading. Endorsed by Prof. Richard A. Procter, the astronomer, Hon. W. W. Artor, late U.S. Minister to Italy, Hon. John Gibson, present Judge 16th Judicial

District, Penn., Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, the famous jurist, and hundreds of others who have all been his pupils. The system is taught by correspondence classes of 1087 at Baltimore, 1,005 at Detroit, and 1500 on return visit to Philadelphia. Address Professor Loiset, 237 Fifth avenue, New York, for prospectus. Adv.

EXCHANGES.

A writer in the *Student* in an article on the "Future of The Negro" informs us that the Negroes are not becoming owners of the soil, that they are a "renting race," and hence they are not being identified with the country, and that at their present ratio of increase they are destined to overrun the South in a few years. With the undimmed vision of a seer, he sees that Africa will inevitably become the home of Afro-Americans, and triumphantly ends the article with the startling declaration, that "A century hence will know the Negroes in the South only as a matter of history".

We give the writer the credit of meaning to be truthful, but it is at once apparent that he is amazingly ignorant of plain facts.

CITY ITEMS.

Let all men, boys, dudes and lads trade with those who give us "ads."

J. Ellis has always been a friend to Fisk students. He has on hand a fine stock of goods. Be sure to go and examine.

If you want your memory restored, try Loiset's "marvellous memory discovery."

Prof. de Anquinos is still taking the lead in photographing all students.

His new number is 413 & 412 church St. Call and see him.

Young men desiring clothing at the lowest prices in the market, made in the newest style and fashion, after the latest design, will be accommodated by calling at the Star clothing house, 39 N. Cherry St. near Union. Levy Bros., Proprietors.

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